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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

COMPENDIUM OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

America and her Resources; or a View of the Agricultural, Commercial, Manufacturing, Political, Literary, Moral and Religious Capacity and Character of the American People. By John Bristed, Counsellor at Law, &c. 8vo. pp. 504.

This work fills up a blank long felt as most important one. Those who wished for information on the subject of the United States of America, knew not where to obtain it. It is true that in many books of Travels were to be found notices of parts of this great fabric, but no where did there exist a connected and complete view of the whole. The author, Mr. Bristed, with a laudable partiality for the nation of his birth, is an honest painter, and does not violate the truth in his remarks on other countries. But we have less to do, even with the justice of his external views, than with the comprehensive outline he has drawn of the physical, intellectual, and moral character, capacity and resources of his native land.

As we shall not be able to do more than refer to one of the many topics enumerated in the title-page, and ably unfolded in the body of this publication, we shall pass over the Chapters dedicated to the territorial capacities, commerce, manufactures, finances, and political institutions of the United States, to abridge the intelligence of the sixth, which treats of American Literature, Arts and Sciences:

The low state of letters in the United States is attributed to several causes: the chief of which are the facility of acquiring wealth and distinction by other means less laborious and more certain; the hardships and dangers of the original settlers; the revolutionary war; the unsettled state of things for several years after its termination; and the origin and progress of the French revolution; all tending to divert the American mind to the love of gain, to military pursuits, to political strife, rather than to the calmer pleasures of the pen and page.

It was originally advanced by Buffon, that there was something in the nature and constitution of the American soil and climate, which necessarily diminished the powers, physical and intellectual, of all its inhabitants, whether human or brute; and a host of philosophers followed in maintaining, that its animals were smaller and

weaker than those of Europe, that its dogs did not bark, that Europeans, transplanted thither, degenerated in body and mind, and that their descendants were exceedingly deficient in bodily activity and force, and in intellectual quickness and strength. This theory was whimsically refuted by Dr. Franklin, while ambassador at Paris, by getting six stout Americans into company with as many French Savans, whom he put down by producing his countrymen against the reasoners, after they had exhausted argument to discover the cause of a phenomenon which it was proved by the contrast did not exist.

The author next defends their intellectual claims, and asserts, that the 10 million of people who now (1817) inhabit the United States, average as large an aggregate of native genius as ten millions of French, or British, or Greeks, or Romans, or any other people, of whatever age or country, ancient or modern. The truth is (he adds) that the great mass of the American people surpasses that of all other countries in shrewdness of intellect, in general intelligence, and in that versatile capacity which enables men to enter upon, and prosecute successfully, new situations and untried employments. It would be difficult for any country to shew that it has produced men of greater genius in their respective departments, than Rittenhouse, Franklin, and West.

Great Britain has the advantage of possessing the accumulated learning of centuries, of ample libraries accessible to all candidates for literary fame, of the constant demand of opulence for literary productions, of the high bounties presented by liberally endowed seminaries of education, and of the extensive circulation and salutary influence of many literary journals, replete with various information, and full of the most vigorous displays of genius. In America, on the contrary, the thinness of a widely spread population, the absence of individual and family wealth, the scarcity of public libraries, the want of literary competition, rewards, and honours, the generally defective means for liberal education, and many other causes, combine to discourage the production of frequent or costly original works. It thus happens, that in the three libraries of the three most enlightened places in the Union, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, *Novels*, chiefly English, a few bad translations from French fictions, the sweepings of the Minerva press in Leadenhall Street, are most abundantly used as affording the highest gratification to the lovers of literature: *Plays* and *Farces* are in the next degree of requisition: *Moral Essays* and *History* suffer a little injury in the first, less in the second, and none in the subsequent volumes: the

Classics, elementary books on *Metaphysics*, *Political Economy*, and *Philosophical* subjects, generally sleep securely on their shelves, undusted and undisturbed by any profane hand or prying eye. Scholars, who are exceptions from this picture, are comparatively few. Such being the taste of America, eminent original native writers are hardly to be expected. Yet the progress of letters is notorious in this respect, as well as in the importation of foreign books. From a combination of circumstances, the precocious launch of young men into life with but a superficial elementary foundation even for the learned professions, from the perpetual craving after novelty, and the restless habits and increasing changes* operating upon the American population, from the temper and habits of the people, ably conducted periodical publications are always short lived. *'The American Review and Magazine'*, started by the cleverest men of New York, and well executed, perished for want of patronage. The *'Boston Anthology'*, supported by the labours of the most distinguished literati in that town, soon after shared the same fate. At a more recent period, the *'American Review'*, edited by Mr. Walsh, was also suffered to expire, notwithstanding the splendid talents and varied erudition of its conductor. Yet the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews are reprinted and widely circulated.

Most of the States have district schools, and there is scarcely a native American to be found who cannot read, write, and cast accounts; and they all read newspapers, of which there are more printed in the Union than in the British Empire, and political pamphlets, if they read nothing else. The Greek language is almost unknown in the U. S., and there is generally a great dearth of what is termed liberal education. Grammar is hardly taught, being thought an unnecessary basis for other learning!!! The preceptors are principally needy strangers, and illiterate lads instructed by such at home. The colleges languish for want of funds. The boys mostly enter at fourteen, and commence their *baccalaureate* at eighteen years of age, when they begin their studies for the profession they chuse, or lay aside all study for mercantile pursuits. Nor do the professional students often prosecute classical studies to any great extent or depth. There are about 50 colleges in the U. S., almost every State having two or three. Of these, Harvard in Massachusetts, Yale in Connecticut, and Princeton in New Jersey, stand highest in numbers and reputation. Harvard is the most

* The people are incessantly shifting their habitations, the servants their places (averaging two months at each); families migrating; the executive, legislators, magistrates and officers of every class, for ever fluctuating.

munificently endowed, and has thirteen professorships. Columbia College, which ought to be the first, numbers but 100 students, Princeton two, Yale three, and Harvard four hundred. Scarcely any systematic lectures on moral philosophy, metaphysics, political economy, history, belles lettres, and rhetoric, are delivered in any of the colleges. Only two instances are stated; those of Dr. Smith, late President at Princeton, on "moral and political philosophy;" and those of Mr. John Quincy Adams, now Secretary of State, on "belles lettres and rhetoric," when he was professor at Harvard. The latter displayed abundance of useful learning, but was mysterious and inflated: the former was excellent in the ethical parts, but shallow in the political philosophy and law of nations. The Episcopalians, Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist Clergy, monopolize nearly all the professors' chairs—men far from being learned, and totally incompetent to convey information in the branches of liberal education. Thus, instead of a full systematic course of moral philosophy, including ethics, political economy, and international law, Beattie's *Syllabus* or Paley's *Treatise* is given to the boys, who learn by rote, and transcribe some pages of the book, with probably here and there a remark by the professor. Conning over Mr. Blair's *Lectures*," generally serves both master and pupil for a course of belles lettres and rhetoric; and Vattel's little "Outline of the Law of Nations," read, and partly transcribed, completes the circle of international law. As for metaphysics and political economy, they receive a very slender portion of regard. The *elocution* in the colleges is generally extremely vicious; in addition to the common nuisance of a mouthy, monotonous rant, a nasal twang pervades the pronunciation. This eloquence of the nose, rather than of the mouth, prevails greatly in New England, and is gaining ground throughout the Union. Its origin is supposed to be traced to the county of Kent, in England: it resembles the old Scotch Covenanters. The Americans have no standard for pronunciation: their English is nevertheless tolerably incorrupt, yet they read Latin and Greek in the Scottish manner, owing to the dead languages having been taught by persons belonging to that country. Prosody is utterly corrupted.

This seems but an indifferent picture of learning and scholars; yet the author complains that the literature and talents of his country are underrated in Europe. Of the writers in America we are told—

The United States have produced scarcely a single learned writer; nor is there one American work on classical literature, or that betrays any intimate acquaintance with the classics. Indeed, Cicero's Works is the sole publication of this description, which has issued from the American press: it is accurately printed by Wells and Lilley, of Boston. No elementary work on ethics, political economy, or metaphysics, has ap-

peared; and the great mass of native productions consists of newspaper essays and party pamphlets. There are several respectable local histories—New York and New Jersey by Smith, Connecticut by Trumbull, South Carolina by Ramsay author of the Account of the United States, Holmes' *Annals*, McCall's Georgia, Darby's Louisiana, Stoddart's Account of the same, Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, Borman's Maryland, Prud's Pennsylvania, Williams' Vermont, Belknap's New Hampshire, Hutchinson's Massachusetts, Sullivan's Maine, Minot's History of Shay's Rebellion, and Drake's History of Cincinnati in Ohio; there are also divers accounts of the late war, mostly written in that crowding style which revolutionary France has rendered current throughout the world. Of native novels there is no great stock, and none good. Poetry is neither abundant nor excellent. The best English poets are as much read as in Britain. The late President Dwight, when quite a young man, wrote two respectable poems, called, "the Conquest of Canaan," and "Greenfield Hill." Mr. Barlow's "Columbiad," Mr. Sargeant's, of Boston, very spirited National Lyrics, and Mr. Pierpoint's "Airs of Palestine," are mentioned favourably. "The Bridal of Faunston" is in a much higher strain, and it is anticipated that the writer will reach the top of the American Parnassus. Woodworth's Poems, lately published, are the vigorous effusions of an uneducated mind.

The greatest national work which the United States have produced is Chief Justice Marshall's *Life of Washington*. Of periodical works of talent, are enumerated, "The Portfolio," edited by Mr. John E. Hall: it was originally established by the late Mr. Dennie, called the American Addison, nearly twenty years since, and is the only periodical work in the States which has enjoyed so long a life. Mr. Dennie was the first author in America who devoted himself exclusively to letters: and for his reward had permission to starve. The *North American Review*, at Boston, is the most conspicuous work of this class in the United States. The *Analectic Magazine* contains some able essays, well-written biography, and judicious criticism. The *Portico*, at Baltimore, is bold and vigorous, but not successful. The *American Magazine and Review*, recently commenced at New York, has the proceedings of the learned bodies, but its criticisms consist in censures. The *Neologist* has appeared twice a week in the New York Daily Advertiser for about a year: it is highly commended.

Mr. Trumbull's *McFingall*, written to ridicule the Tories during the revolution, exhibits much of the wit and some of the learning of Hudibras. Mr. Washington Irving's *Salmagundi* and *History of Knickerbocker*, need not shrink from competition with any European performance, in the felicitous combination of good-humoured wit, delicate irony, dexterous delineation of character, and skilful exposition of the fashionable follies prevalent in the United States,

with the occasional relief of exquisitely finished composition, full of tenderness, pathos and eloquence. Mr. Irving's *Sketch of the Life of Campbell*, the Scottish poet, is admirable. Mr. Wirt is an eloquent speaker and writer; his *Old Bachelor*, a highly popular collection of essays; his *British Spy*, and *Life of Patrick Henry*, also favourite works. Fisher Ames is styled the "Burke of America." Colden's *Life of Fulton* is a valuable composition, but not well written. Mr. Walsh is one of the most eminent writers of the day; he is author of the "Letter on the Character and Genius of the French Government," well known in England; and as Editor of the American Review, and of the American Register, takes a distinguished station among the periodical writers of the age.

Medical science has been very successfully cultivated. With regard to the fine arts, sculpture extends but little beyond chiselling grave-stones; and painting is chiefly confined to miniatures, portraits and landscapes. Trumbull's productions are exceptions; and West, Stuart, Copeley, Alston, and Leslie, are mentioned as proofs of American genius in this line. The characteristic talent, however, of America is for invention in the useful mechanic arts: The steam-boat is instanced in proof. There are some literary societies at New York, where papers are read, as in the establishments of the same kind in Europe.

Such are, in short, the facts connected with American literature, arts, and sciences, communicated more at length by Mr. Bristed: We have abridged them, under the idea that even a concise view of the subject must interest every lover of literature and the arts in Britain; and to those who desire more ample information, we can most cordially recommend the volume whence we have copied, as one replete with useful and instructive matter, amusing, and generally containing all that intelligence respecting America which it was so desirable to possess in a clear and comprehensive form.

A Journey from India to England, through Persia, Georgia, Russia, Poland, and Prussia, in the year 1817. By Lieut. Col. Johnson, C.B. Illustrated with Engravings. 4to. pp. 376.

Any prefatory remarks would only detain our readers from the entertainment which this Journey offers, and as our opinion of its agreeable qualities may be gathered from the extracts as we proceed, we shall not stop for even one introductory observation. Colonel Johnson, accompanied by Captain Salter, having determined to return to England by an overland route, instead of a sea voyage, left Bombay for Bushire in the Gulph of Persia, in a large merchant



vessel, about the middle of the month of February 1817. They touched at Muscat, where immense multitudes of a small fish, like Sardinias, are caught by throwing a net over the spot where they are observed, "and as soon as sufficient time has elapsed for the net to descend below the shoal of fish, one of the fishers, nearly naked, dives to the bottom of the net, which he collects together in his arms. He then pulls a string connected with the net, which is gently drawn up, the diver ascending with it." These divers remain from seventy to a hundred seconds under water.

At Bushire, the Arabs are a strong, thickset and muscular race. One particular man carried upon his back a full pipe of Madeira; and, at another time, 700 lb. of rice, in bags, for two miles, taking up on his way a little child to adjust the equilibrium. From the sight of an Arab bagpiper, Colonel Johnson supports the hypothesis, that this instrument originated in the East, and found its way to the Highlands of Scotland through the channels of Greece and Rome. There are some Armenian families of great wealth in Bushire. A christening at one of their principal merchant's is thus described:—

Near the door of the women's apartment stands the priest in his robes. He reads prayers for fifteen minutes over the child, which, laid on bedding, is held by the godfather. (There is no godmother, even at the christening of a girl, the wife of the godfather being considered as holding that distinction.) The godfather repeats many short sentences, dictated by the priest, as the name of the child, his promises as sponsor, &c. 2dly. The child is removed into the women's apartment, the door is shut, and a prayer is read by the priest outside, holding the handle of the lock: the door is then opened, and the priest, his assistant, a clerk, and the godfather, enter; a large basin is placed at the table, with four candles round it: in a niche above the table is a golden crucifix, studded with seven large precious stones, and there is a long glass vessel with sanctified oil. The priest prays over the basin; then the assistant puts water into it, first hot, then cold, as required; he next immerses the crucifix in the basin of water, praying all the while, and his assistant responding. The godfather during this time holds the child flat on the bedding below him: a little of the sanctified oil is then added drop by drop to the water, during which process, the priest and his assistant chant, the crucifix being previously removed from the water. 3dly. The child, entirely naked, is taken up and put into the basin by the priest, who with his hands lavas every part of the infant's body; it is then taken out and wrapped up. The priest pronounces the baptismal name and some prayers, which the godfather repeats after

him, and takes up the glass of oil, praying all the while; then bringing it near the child, he dips his thumb in the vessel, and rubs oil first on the child's forehead, then behind each ear, subsequently on the chin, the eyes, mouth, and nose; then the breasts, the hands, the back, the abdomen, and the top of each foot, praying the whole time, and the clerk responding. 4thly. The child being dressed by the nurse in rich clothes, is given to the godfather, when the bishop comes in, invested in embroidered robes and a black silk hood over his head, and attended by two or three priests. The bishop places himself at the head of a procession formed of priests, two by two, followed by the officiating priest, next to whom is the godfather bearing the child: they pass in this order to the public apartment, where the females in their best dresses are assembled, sitting along three sides of the room on cushions placed near the walls. The mother, who is veiled, sits apart on cushions, as in state, on the other side. When the bishop enters the room, the ladies all rise and remain standing. The godfather places the child in the lap of the mother, who remains veiled as before. The bishop takes the book and reads a short prayer, to which responses are given by the other priests. During this concluding part of the ceremony, the officiating priest holds a prayer-book in contact with the mother's head; when it is finished, the godfather bows to the company, and retires with the bishop and priests to another suite of apartments on the side of the house appropriated to the males, where a breakfast table is laid out for a numerous assembly.

Such is a rich Armenian baptism, of the ceremonies at which we do not remember to have read any account before. The ladies are not beautiful, though they have fine black eyes, eyebrows, and hair; but habitual seclusion renders them pale, and their very early marriages prematurely old.

On the road from Bushire to Shiraz, there are prodigious numbers of beggars in a state of the utmost destitution and wretchedness. The way is also infested by robbers, but our countrymen passed in safety. While at Kauzeroon, about half way, they of course visited the celebrated Shapur; but as this place is so well described by M. Morier (whose second* Journey is, we observe, with much satisfaction, just published, and will speedily claim our attention) we shall very briefly dismiss the chief points relating to it in Colonel Johnson's narrative. Having with incredible fatigue attained the summit of the mountain which over-

* The account of the first journey through Persia, of this accomplished gentleman, published in 1812, is one of the most interesting books of travels we ever read, and from the little we have had time to peruse of the second, it seems to merit equal praise.—EDITOR.

hangs the valley where the sculptures are, he entered the cave and examined the fallen statue.† It is of white limestone, as hard and compact as marble: its extreme length from 16 to 20 feet. From the plate, it seems a curiously executed work, of an armed, bearded Jupiter-like giant, with a sort of mural crown upon his head. About 400 feet within this stupendous and terribly sublime cavern is a tank of water, surrounded by grotesque formations of stalactites shooting upwards from the base and downwards from the roof.

Shiraz did not strike our travellers, as they approached to it through the barren waste in which it stands, to be superior to the second-rate towns of India. Internally, however, its bazar, its fine pottery of a yellowish tint, its confectionary, its enamelling on gold, and its excellent engraving, obtained their admiration. The petty Mountain Chiefs around talk freely of their independence, and a degree of anarchy prevails which threatens the dismemberment of this province, unless a beneficial change speedily takes place in the administration of the government. Near Shiraz is the tomb of Hafiz, and so sacred is the memory of the Poet held in Persia, that a volume containing his writings is opened for every visitor, upon his tomb, and, like the Sortes Virgilianæ, the passage which first occurs is held to be prophetic of the fate of the inquirer. The tombstone is a large block of Tadriz marble, of the nature of gypsum. The tomb of Saadi also claimed a visit.

Here is a well so constructed as to afford a passage for persons to descend and bathe in it, having cells also in the sides for their accommodation. On some particular days it is believed to be very healthful for persons to immerge in these waters.

The Persian sitting-rooms are all on the same plan, having walls on three sides, and the whole of the fourth consisting of windows of painted glass in exceedingly small panes, so disposed as to represent different figures.

Their pictures are scarcely to be mentioned as works of art, and, with the exception of the carpets and some embroidery, there is little of magnificence in their furniture.

Of the dreadfully insecure tenure of life and property in Persia, two fearful examples are given, with which we shall conclude our present notice of Colonel Johnson's travels in that country. They are of recent date.

Hajee Ibrahim, Prime Minister and supporter of Aga Mahomed Khan (in fact

† Mentioned by M. Morier but not examined by him.

he raised him from the rank of Khod Khoda to the throne, and premier also of the present sovereign, Futeh Ally Shah, had a son named Meerza Mahomed Khaun, who, about nineteen years ago, began, at his own expence, to repair and rebuild the tomb of a saint, Shah Cherakuh, in this city (Shiraz). His present Majesty wishing to rid the country of Hajee Ibrahim, and at the same time to prevent the insurrection of any one of his family, at one blow carried his project into execution in the following manner. He first caused Hajee Ibrahim's tongue to be cut out, and then his eyes; he then ordered his two sons who were governors of districts, one at Hamadan, and the other the person already mentioned, to be put to death on the same day; in order that, previously to putting his minister to death, he might be certain that all his family were destroyed; and he only waited the intelligence of their death, that he might give Hajee Ibrahim the *coup de grace*. These arrangements, from the commencement of Hajee Ibrahim's confinement, took up nearly one month in their completion; when, finding that no resistance was to be apprehended, he ordered his blinded minister to be hanged. Hossein Ally Meerza, the present Prince of Shiraz, was only seven years of age, and of course acted under the direction of his minister, Cherak Ally Khaun. He invited Meerza Mahomed Khaun to dine with him: more than usual attention was paid to the unsuspecting guest, who was engaged to play with the Prince at back-gammon. In the course of their diversion, the Prince took occasion to withdraw to another apartment, when his people seized Meerza Mahomed Khaun and put him to death. All his wealth was, of course, seized. The Saint's tomb, which he had begun to rebuild, remains unfinished to this day; all the rich people fearing to undertake its completion, lest they should share his fate.

What can be expected from sovereigns, whose education as princes is of this treacherous and bloody kind?

Genius; a Vision. By a Member of the University of Oxford. 8vo. pp. 39.

Though our criticisms are not of the grumbling species, and we would invariably prefer, even at our own cost, saying a kind to a smart thing when we are treating of our co-labourers in the literary field, who, Heaven knows, have in general enough to bear without our adding the last straw to break the camel's back—though our maxim is "*Cherish*," because we know that many a sickly looking plant becomes in time a noble tree—though we have really the esprit du corps in our hearts, and know that many, many of the writers of this our day, so far from sitting on velvet, might well exclaim with Blacky in the Padlock,

"Ah me! what a life Mungo lead!"

Non obstat, as aforesaid, it will be remembered by all our readers that we very frequently deplore, as it were, the substitution of sundry mechanical processes for talents in all sorts of literature, and, consequently,—the want of genius. We have it at last. Not that we mean to play upon the title of this little poem, which lies fair enough for a dozen of slipshod epigrams, but, in faith, there is something wild and original about it, which, with much that we cannot praise, probably because we cannot well understand, takes our fancy, and inclines us to give a good report of our incognito Bard.

The poem opens with an invocation to Genius, which we consider to be among the least successful of its parts. The divinity, or whatever else it may be called in its personification, is nevertheless pleased to attend to the adjuration, and his votary hears his "rumbling voice" (we dislike the phrase) pronounce—

"Hear, my children, hear," he cries,
"Meet me at the midnight hour,
When the Spirit of the skies
Walks in plenitude of pow'r,
Where the hag-fires blaze and blare
On the terror-stricken air,
And the night-dog's piteous cry
Tells of witches sailing by;
Call me when the tempests low'r,
Meet me at the midnight hour—"
Thus still he bids the favoured few,
Who dare the awful sight,
To meet him when the vapours blue
Enwrap the world in night.

Henceforward the writer indulges in a strain of visionary descriptions, of which it is easier to admire the merit than to perceive the drift. All that can be imagined of spectre and supernatural influence dance before his sight, and play in his numbers; and the boldness of his fancy is not curbed by any of the considerations of connection, purpose, or probability which may have tamed down (for aught we know) the great majority of his predecessors. The only mark of system that we can discern is, that under the name of Genius the author includes all that the wildest rush of "thick-coming fancies" brings with it, without order or control, or subjugation of ideas. In short, his performance is entirely constructed of those materials, a few specimens of which only we have been accustomed to see ventured by other Bards, as seasoning to the more sober flowings of the Muse.

Genius takes the youth of his choice to a high mountain, where he gives "the lightest form that e'er could be" (i. e. Imagination) as a companion, and charges the "phantasy"

to teach and shew
As far as mortal strength could go,
The secrets and the sights sublime
That link eternity to time;
To rend the darkening veil asunder,
That wraps in mystic gloom
Those scenes of high terrific wonder
Begot in nature's womb:
To shew the universal frame,
That with a word to being came,
To give a glimpse to mortal eye
Of living immortality.
"Shew him heaven, and shew him earth,
Shew him things of wondrous birth;
Shew him that profoundest hell
Where the damn'd for ever dwell;
These explored he then shall be
Vers'd in every mystery.
Embosom'd in immensity!"
He finish'd: nor was answer given
Ere the mountain rock was riven;
Split in twain, it yawn'd so wide,
Fathoms deep the eye descried:
What! why nothing more than this
All an infinite abyss.
On its brink the poet stood
With a vacancy of stare,
That betrayed he neither knew
Whether what he heard was true,
Whether what he saw was there.

A multitude of poetical images are presented by the guide "Imagination." From these we make our selection. He exhibits

A storm-convulsed shore—
Rocks that grinned in horrid row
On the waves that dashed below—
Dashed in fury! Oh! that flash
Shewed how fatal was their dash!
With the whirlwind's sweeping breath
Comes the hollow shriek of death;
Another—all the boiling sea
Broken sheets of fire displayed,
Flashing red and sulphury
To the vaulted canopy;
Whence it blazed and back reflected
On the dull discoloured clouds,
Thunder shatter'd,
Tempest scatter'd,
Edg'd with deepest yellow dye,
Many a mass as huge as black,
Streak'd with a momentary red,
Many a sudden splintered crack.
Another—in that troubled bed,
Of waves at war,
With boist'rous roar,
This latest, brightest, saddest light
Discover'd to his sinking sight
Many a shiver'd plank forsaken,
Many a hand just out the wave
Grasping at the grasp it gave;
Many a limb without its fellow,
Mangled by the rock and billow,
A feast for the death-birds that greedily flock
To glut on the fragments updash'd on the rock.

The strength of some passages, and the peculiarities of others in the above extract, will convey a very accurate notion of the whole production before us, in which the author goes on to view other sights of amazement. Death and his ministers form a principal group and the latter, Pride, Bigotry, Murder, Rape, Perfidy, Envy, &c. contend for pre-eminence by recounting their deed of horror. For example, Bigotry affirms

that the sighs of captives in damp dull cells are most delightful to him :

Yea, sweeter than the sound I call
Most inexpressible of all,
Where roars in miseries of pain,
The wretch who ne'er shall roar again ;
Who bodies in a single cry
His all of dying agony ;
'Tis such he gives, who, girt with fire,
In torture fingers to expire,
And struggles to turn
Tho' still to burn,
And half is a cinder ere yet he die.

The victims of Rape and Seduction are painted, the one with horrible fidelity, and the other in four lines, as we think, of great beauty :

Three months of anguish and of shame
She dragg'd her loath'd existence on,
She curs'd the day when day-light came,
And curs'd the night when day was gone.

Her father dies broken-hearted

To think the idol of his heart
Could rend that heart in twain,
And fix the unutterable smart
That never heals again,—

and the tale is wrought up to the most distressing pathos :

She heard the tolling of the bell
That told its tale of terror well,
Accusing with its fun'ral breath,
"The Fallen" of her father's death !
Oh ! many an one to the churchyard press'd,
And many a lip her father bless'd,
And many a sob, and many a sigh
Pour'd homage to his memory ;—

— — — — —
She was there

In all the horror of despair,
Where every sob and every sigh
Rung "Murder" out upbraidingly.
In guilty consciousness conceal'd,
She shudder'd as the death-dirge peal'd,
And dared not e'en approach so near,
That the sprinkled mould
As the service is told,
Could grate upon the ear ;
She fear'd, she dreaded, so to see
The madness of their misery.
But when the wretched train return'd
She stagger'd up at last,
And by the Sexton back was spurn'd
As he shovell'd the earth,
With brutal mirth,
So carelessly and fast.

— — — — —
She lived to bear the worst :

And since her fall, the silver moon
Had seven times wax'd,
Had seven times wan'd,
When o'er her mind a horror came,
A chilly shivering shook her frame.
In haste, tho' blackness lower'd around,
She sought her parents' burying-ground,
She sought her parents' grave.

Here infanticide and self-murder conclude this tragic tale, which partakes much of Wordsworth's power of affecting us almost too severely, and of that character of description which, dwelling on subjects of considerable difficulty, walks on the very brink of those limits within which all must be confined who write for the world to read.

From the conclusion of the poem, into which we need not further dip for evidence whereupon to pass a just judgment on the whole, we gather that the author's aim is to "dare to be great"—and vindicate the British Lyre—that fire and fervour are to be the ingredients of his future labours, and that he is determined to cherish the divine gift of poesy.—Most sincerely do we wish him success ; and, taking it for granted that he is a young man, we may safely venture to pronounce that he is blessed with talents to redeem ten times greater blemishes than this work contains, and to prophesy that his country will yet have greater reason to be proud of the more mature effusions of the *Author of Genius*.

Women ; or Pour et Contre. 3 vols. By the Rev. C. Maturin.

The author of *Bertram* is no stranger to the public, and the work which comes announced by his name is secure of attracting public attention. He is a singular and a powerful writer, loving, in his sketches of human nature, to dwell on those peculiar portions which under inferior hands might seem repulsive and deformed, but which to a man of genius offer the noblest as well as the deepest means and excitements of strong thought and overwhelming description. He has conceptions of great sweetness mingled with those stern picturings, great richness of imagery, great mastery of picturesque language ; but his charm is in the solemn and the fearful, if his cup is chased and fretted with gorgeous devices, and glittering with rubies and gold, the draught within is of subtle and dread enchantment ; his muse is less the *Proserpine* gathering flowers and sporting in her young loveliness through the vale of Enna, than the *Proserpine* already the queen of a lower realm, not forfeiting her beauty or her brightness, but shining out in her sovereign pomp among shadows and sights of fear, the secrets of the world of gloom, and the sufferings of hearts stripped only as before the last tribunal. The present work takes unnecessarily and unsuitably the name of a novel ; it is a drama in chapters, with more of expansion that is allowed to character on the stage, but with the distinctness of person, singleness of catastrophe, and undiverted application of moral that belong to the higher order of the drama. It contains but three characters, strongly distinguished, yet closely intertwined ; all writhing in the same fatal involution, which it seems to all equally hopeless

and impious to escape : another cast of the *Laocoon*. The minor details merely make up the flourishes and bas-reliefs ; the sufferers for whom we are to feel terror and compassion are above, and clearly separated from the adjuncts of the group. The central figure is *De Courcy*, a young Irishman, full of spirit and sensibility, but versatile in his principles, habits and affections ; with the exterior which takes the eye of woman, and the address that secures what he has taken, he is sent into society in pursuit of indulgence. He is not a voluptuary, but he loves pleasure ; not a man who takes delight in betraying female fondness, but he solicits it, and throws it away. His two partners in suffering are females, with whom he is in love in succession, and whom he makes miserable, without however making, or having desired to make them culpable. They are both beings of excessive feeling, both lovely, both enthusiastic, and both betrayed by the same unwise reliance on their first admiration of this unpurposed and incapable heart. The story becomes interesting by the mere development of their characters. *Eva Wentworth* is an Irish girl, educated in seclusion by a methodical family ; her habits have been regulated by the monotonous routine of this unnatural system ; she has hitherto felt her way along the "narrow path" only by the thorns, and has at length concluded that stillness and suffering are the object of life and the perfection of virtue. *Zaira* is an Italian, a brilliant being, educated in the perfumed airs of foreign high life, and thrown, by one of those accidents which colour life with romance, into the situation where illusion, and brief splendour and bold and high-toned emotion, are the look and language of all things : she is seen for the first time by *De Courcy* upon the stage, like another *Tarpeia*, showered over and almost overwhelmed by the golden favours of the multitude. *Eva*, with her simplicity and sweetness, her lovely humility, and her delicate beauty, fades before this dazzling and exotic wonder, and *De Courcy* leaves the "violet pale to die unseen." *Zaira* bears him off in triumph, but she soon begins to discover that if he is to be conquered he is not to be held captive. He grows weary of incessant delight, and turns from the sparklings of wit and the glow of beauty, and the still deeper charm of woman's fondness, to his lonely love, sitting in the shadows of that waning life which was so soon to be night round her, and mingling his name in the prayer that she put up for her own undone heart. He now sees nothing in his enchantress

but her delusions, and escapes from this Circe's

"Bowers and thicke roses and the amorous
twine
Of clusteres that shedde dewie dreames of
love."

Zaira's ardent heart flies to the natural resource of the unhappy, unenlightened by religion. She binds up her spirit to suicide, and prepares for it with the fixedness of the philosopher and hero of antiquity. The sacrifice is set out, and literature and passion, the gloom of the infidel, and the love of the woman, are combined to throw a solemn and stately pomp round this devotedness. Eva's death is the decline of a mild sweet star, whose time has come, and her setting is not without radiance and beauty; Zaira rushes down fiercely and at once, like a meteor burning with ominous lustre, the brighter as it approaches the spot in which it is to be extinguished for ever. De Courcy perishes of remorse, acting upon a harassed and exhausted mind, and the volume closes with the moral, That in the changes which try human happiness, there is but one thing secure, and that is to be found in the purity, honour, and devotedness which give us hope in the protection of Heaven: Like Collins, in his madness and decay, pointing our hearts but to one book, "but that book the best." We have gone so far beyond our usual limits, that we can indulge only in a brief quotation, as a specimen of Mr. Maturin's eloquent and touching style.

The weather was unusually fine, though it was September, and the evenings mild and beautiful. Eva passed them almost entirely in the garden. She had always loved the fading light and delicious tints of an evening sky, and now they were endeared by that which endears even indifferent things—an internal consciousness that we have not long to behold them. Mrs. Wentworth remonstrated against this indulgence, and mentioned it to the physician; but he "answered negligently," said any thing that amused her mind could do her no harm, &c. Then Mrs. Wentworth began to feel there was no hope; and Eva was suffered to muse life away unmolested. To the garden every evening she went, and brought her library with her; it consisted of but three books—the Bible, Young's Night Thoughts, and Blair's Grave. One evening the unusual beauty of the sky made her involuntarily drop her book. She gazed upward, and felt as if a book was open in heaven, where all the lovely and varying phenomena presented in living characters to her view the name of the Divinity. There was a solemn congeniality between her feelings of her own state, and the view of the declining day—the parting light and the approaching darkness. The glow of the

western heaven was still resplendent and glorious; a little above, the blending hues of orange and azure were softening into a mellow and indefinite light; and in the upper region of the air, a delicious blue darkness invited the eye to repose in luxurious dimness; one star alone shewed its trembling head,—another and another, like infant births of light; and in the dark east the half-moon, like a bark of pearl, came on through the deep still ocean of heaven. Eva gazed on; some tears came to her eyes; they were a luxury. Suddenly she felt as if she were quite well; a glow like that of health pervaded her whole frame—one of those indescribable sensations that seem to assure us of safety, while, in fact, they are announcing dissolution. She imagined herself suddenly restored to health and to happiness. She saw De Courcy once more, as in their early hours of love, when his face was to her as if it had been the face of an angel; thought after thought came back on her heart like gleams of paradise.

She trembled at the felicity that filled her whole soul; it was one of those fatal illusions, that disease, when it is connected with strong emotions of the mind, often flatters its victim with—that *mirage*, when the heart is a desert, which rises before the wanderer, to dazzle, to delude, and to destroy.

As they were speaking, Zaira entered, and instantly began to address Viosmenil on the subject that occupied her mind, as if its suggestions were uncontrollable, as if she was the organ of a spirit whose impulses she could not resist. "I have been astonished," said she, "at my own weakness. When one is determined on the greatest of all risks, it seems a miserable pusillanimity to deliberate on the means. Yet why should I conceal it?—I wish to die by the easiest means, by means that will not convulse my frame, or destroy my reason; let life be as wretched as it may, such a death is very horrible. I would not terrify my friends in my last moments, or leave my image distorted on their memories. I wish to die calmly, in full possession (if possible) of my faculties; their possession at that moment would be a consolation to me, though their consciousness now is an incessant torment. If I could discover such a means of death, I would die to night." The firmness of her voice in speaking these words left them little doubt of the strength of her resolution. Viosmenil eagerly grasped at the hope which this hesitation about the means seemed to suggest. He spoke of a self-inflicted death being necessarily violent; and even that, by the operation of laudanum, which is supposed the easiest, is often repelled by the constitution, and produces the severest sufferings without causing death. He observed also of suicides, that their features are known to retain, beside the traces of bodily agony, a peculiar expression of reluctance, of *posthumous repentance*, if it may be so called, that seemed

to indicate a change of sentiment when all change was become fruitless. He added too, as a well known fact, that in the cases of those who had been prevented from meditated suicide, or recovered after the attempt, not one in one thousand had ever made it again. He left this strong fact to sink into Zaira's mind without comment. That night she passed in the study of the classical authors whom she supposed likely to satisfy her mind by arguments, or confirm her resolution by examples of the step she meditated. There was enough of both to animate her to desperation. It was a singular spectacle—a human being on the verge of human existence is an awful object to its fellow creatures—it is a sight so rarely witnessed, except by those whose feelings are paralyzed by grief, or callous from habit, that there have been persons who have sought to gratify their fearful curiosity by witnessing public executions, by seeing men brought to the brink of the grave without disease, or any of the ordinary means of death, and passing through the tremendous change in the presence of multitudes,—multitudes who must partake with them in the stillness and darkness of the domestic chamber of death. Still more awful, certainly more interesting, is the spectacle of a being brought to that state by his own choice, and becoming itself its own executioner, all personal sensibility annihilated, and the sufferers inflicting on themselves all they could have feared or shunned from the persecution of a mortal enemy.

In Zaira's case there was every aggravation. Youth and beauty seem at perpetual war with death; they have not an image in common. Health seems to defy the vicissitudes of mortality, and to be always sufficient for its own enjoyment, as long as its duration is protracted; and genius, always eminent in time, and aspiring after eternity, appears to be still more independent of the transition. It has a power of assimilating itself to both worlds; it seems scarce a resident of earth while on earth; its communications are even here extended to futurity. Yet, in the possession of youth and beauty, and genius and affluence, Zaira sat meditating death, as if she was one to whom the want of all these accessories of existence had left no other alternative. To the painter or the philosopher, to the lover of the picturesque or the terrible, her figure and employment that night presented a strange and fearful contrast. Her splendid apartment, her beauty, the books, containing all the wealth of antiquity, that were scattered round her, formed a singular opposition to the terrible purpose that filled her soul while she sat there. It seemed a kind of luxurious reception for death; a defiance of his terrors, like that which Juan, at his magnificent banquet, prepares for the spectre whom he expects to meet him there. She read long, but without any fixed ideas; she read rather to confirm her own sentiments than to add to them: she was beyond argument, she sought for support.

FINE ARTS. ENGRAVED PRINTS.

Six Views in and Near Swansea, drawn and etched by T. Baxter.

It has been our invariable practice, in remarking on works of art, to bestow attention upon the rising artist, as well as upon his more successful and established contemporary: and as far as was in our power to seek the unobtrusive, and to distinguish merit, whether it lay too low, or was raised too high for general notice, either in Exhibitions or the passing publications of the day. Accordingly we present to the public these apparently faithful delineations of the country in and about Swansea. The views are as follows:—

1. Caswell Bay, from the Spring.
2. The Willows and Mount Pleasant.
3. Mount Pleasant.
4. Oystermouth, from the Castle.
5. The Church at Britton Ferry.
6. The Castle of Oystermouth.

In these Etchings there is great adroitness in the execution, and even minuteness of detail, without any visible sacrifice of truth either to style or skill. There is much of that simplicity which characterized the early periods of art, where the aim of the engraver was solely to give a faithful copy of the subject before him, whether that subject was a painting or a drawing.

Mr. Baxter's choice is various and judicious. Caswell Bay and Oystermouth are of a bold and picturesque appearance, and would afford an opportunity to exercise the talents of our first landscape Painters: as it is, we can form from these etchings a very fair idea of the extent and magnificence of the scenery.

To those interested in the local character of the views, we feel assured that nothing has been omitted that could identify the scene; and we sincerely hope the artist will be encouraged to appear in future with advantage to himself and credit to the art.

Before quitting the subject, we shall just offer a passing hint to the Artist Engravers of our own country; and though many have highly distinguished themselves by their abilities, it is still necessary to recommend to their serious attention that fidelity of representation so essential to good art, without which, what we are called upon to admire, is merely the dexterity of the mechanic, and not the efforts of a liberal profession.

These remarks were suggested by turning over a volume of Divine Emblems, from the designs of Otto Venius, published at Antwerp 1660, which, without the advantage of etching, or

other means since brought into use, have in them so much of character and expression, with such judicious attention to keeping and the other principles of art, that we lament to say is not often found in the present day; and, it must be further observed, by means in the execution as simple in their quality, as might serve no higher purpose than is now used in engraving coats of arms, crests, &c.

Bolswert, in his landscapes after Rubens, has attained similar effects by as simple a process. It would be well if our engravers were to cast their eye occasionally on these examples as on first principles; and by studiously attending to the knowledge of Art and the practice of drawing, attain to that excellence which might give their works an equal value in the eyes of posterity.

The Brighton Ambulator: containing Historical and Topographical Delineations of the Town, from the earliest period to the present time. By C. Wright.

Mr. Wright is the author of several little works intended to direct the attention of those who visit Brighton, to the objects in its vicinity which are best worth seeing. Local knowledge is the great requisite for the successful execution of the task which he has taken upon himself, and this he certainly possesses in no common degree. In addition to this, the praise of industry is due to him; and his book, from the great variety of information which it contains, cannot fail of proving eminently useful to those who may pass a few weeks at that fashionable watering place, which is now so frequently graced with the presence of Royalty.

IMPERIAL TOURISTS.

Tour of their Imperial Highnesses the Archdukes John and Lewis of Austria.

(Edinburgh continued.)

From Holyrood House we were taken to the Register Office, where the public and family archives of Scotland are preserved. This establishment prevents many lawsuits, by the careful preservation of all family writings. The most ancient of the documents here is of the year 1405, and of the reign of King David. An aged woman, who understands how to render old faded manuscripts legible, is employed for that purpose in this office.

We viewed St. George's Church, which is built in the Greek style, and ascended into the lantern of the dome, from which there is an extensive prospect over the city and the surrounding country, as far as the sea.

On the 5th of December we visited the buildings where the Scotch parliament met before the Union: it is used at present for the sittings of the Courts of Justice. The

Courts happened to be sitting that day, and a place was given us near the Judges; though I did not understand what was said. I perceived that the mode of proceeding was like that in England, which has been imitated in France. In another Hall we found the Court of Exchequer assembled. It decides on causes between the crown and private individuals. The case then before it was that of a brewer, who affirmed that by means of a new invention he could make use of the spirituous parts, which during the cooling of the beer evaporate in the air and are lost. His idea was to collect these parts in a pipe, where they should be condensed like common brandy. The royal officers, on their side, made objections to this, affirming that some fraud upon the revenue might be intended.

We were shewn the library of the counsellors, which is in a handsome room, and had not been long established. Another library, belonging to the lawyers, consists of 40,000 volumes. It contains the best ancient and modern works, a collection of manuscripts, and a complete collection of documents relative to the history of the country; the oldest of these last is of the year 1350: the earlier ones are said to have been lost in the passage to England by sea. We saw among them a letter written by Mary Queen of Scots, while she was in France, to her mother; the hand-writing and the style were good for that time.

The Bettering house, or House of Correction, is on a hill of trap, called Calton Hill, and is one of the best ordered establishments of the kind that we have seen. On the same hill there is a monument in honour of Nelson.

On the 6th of December we began our daily rounds with visiting the High School, in which 800 young people of all ranks receive preparatory instruction. The school has five classes. The boys go through the lower classes in four years, under four teachers or professors. In the fifth they receive the preparatory instruction immediately previous to being sent to College. The branches of learning taught there are reading, writing, Latin and Greek, geography, history and mathematics. The methods of instruction seem to be good.

One of the most useful institutions of the city of Edinburgh is the Highland Society of Scotland, which has a president, four vice presidents, and members of all ranks of society, nobles, merchants, &c. The object of this society, whose labours are eminently successful, is the improvement of agriculture, and the breeding of cattle, the cultivation of waste lands, the encouragement of useful inventions, by the distribution of premiums and other rewards. Another Society, to promote instruction in Christianity, was founded in 1701. It receives 1000*l.* per annum from the King, and many schools are supported by it.

We made a little excursion to the town of Leith, distant about two English miles from Edinburgh. The way to it is along

an uncommonly fine, broad, paved road, which has an almost uninterrupted row of houses on both sides of it, so that you hardly think that you are in another town when you arrive at Leith. There is the old harbour, and they are busy in forming a new one. The first is at the mouth of the little river Leith; but it is too confined, and is dry at low water: the new one will consist of a row of docks, several of which are completed.

We saw large three-masted vessels, which go to Greenland on the whale fishery. They are distinguished by the strength with which they are built, and by the covering of iron on the bows, to resist the masses of ice. They sail every year, in March, to Greenland or Newfoundland. The fishery is not always successful, and these enterprises are often attended with loss.

Leith is defended by some batteries, but they are not very formidable. During the American war Paul Jones sailed into the river with three armed vessels, and spread terror as far as Edinburgh. Leith possesses several manufactories; the principal branch of its industry is linen. The town is in the period of its increase, and had already attained a high degree of prosperity, when several of its merchants made great speculations in colonial goods to the Continent: the turn of political affairs disappointed their hopes, so that several of these houses became bankrupt; and while we were there, one of them, the only one who had commercial relations with the East Indies, declared itself insolvent in the sum of 250,000*l.* sterling.

We returned to Edinburgh by the same road, and visited, on the way, a great manufactory for spinning cotton and hemp, which is put in motion by a steam-engine. The Botanic Garden, which we saw after our return, is neither large, nor, as it appeared to us, well kept. There are in Edinburgh several ale breweries, many manufactories of sal volatile, sal ammoniac, &c. The city is supposed to have received its name from a castle which a Saxon prince, named Edwin, had built here in the year 626, and which was called Edwinburgh.

This city will at a future period, certainly become one of the most beautiful cities in Great Britain. Its situation is uncommonly favourable, on an eminence near the sea, and combines advantages of every kind. The New Town, which was built after a regular plan, is every thing that can be wished in respect to the architecture both of the public and private buildings. The contrast between the Old and the New Town is striking; the houses of the former are black, crowded together, and the streets between them, in part, no more than from six to ten feet broad. The two towns are joined by a handsome bridge, which was begun in 1765, and finished in 1769. The building of the New Town did not begin till the year 1768; before which time there was not a trace of it. Ten handsome streets, parallel to each other, now traverse the city on its whole length from East to West. Queen Street is a hundred feet broad, and

has only one row of houses, the inhabitants of which enjoy the most beautiful prospect towards the North, over the county of Fife, and the whole course of the Firth of Forth. This advantage renders the street a very agreeable promenade in summer. St. George's Street is a hundred and ten feet broad, and terminates at each end in a fine square. Princess Street, along the Fosse, serves as a winter promenade. Its broad foot pavement is frequently crowded with walkers. The fine street leading to Leith is a third very agreeable promenade.

The architecture of the houses in the New Town agrees with that usual in London: the kitchens are below ground, and receive their light from a grated window looking towards the street; but they are more spacious and comfortable. The streets of the New Town have raised pavements on both sides for the foot passengers, and are paved with basaltic stones, which are found in abundance near Arthur's Seat.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHOICE OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,

As I have taken upon myself to bear a part in the correspondence respecting Music, which has been carried on in your Miscellany, and *en passant* to vindicate the art and its professors from the common-place aspersions which are too often thoughtlessly cast upon them, I cannot in justice to the cause which I espouse suffer the second letter of your correspondent Medium to pass without remark: although an incompetent, I would fain be at least a zealous advocate; but in order to quiet the apprehensions which you, Mr. Editor, might entertain as to the continuance of this controversy, I beg to say that it is not my intention to importune you with any future communication upon the subject of the choice of Musical Instruments.

Permit me in the first place to offer my acknowledgments to your Correspondent for the amiable manner in which he has noticed my letter; if we differ in opinion on the subject of Music, we coincide exactly as to the manner in which the discussion should be carried on; and I shall now therefore offer a few remarks in defence of the position laid down in my former letter, and which appears to your Correspondent so incredible. Without enlarging upon the wonderful effects which, it is asserted, Music has produced on many occasions, I return once more to Milton, and in order to support the suggestion to which I have just alluded, I beg leave to quote the following well known lines:—

Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note.

The constant recurrence of similar passages could only have arisen from the Poet's

great partiality for Music; and I really think that it would have been impossible for any person but an enthusiast, accomplished in the art, to descant so often and so well upon this favourite theme. If I were to transcribe every passage in Milton's poetry in which the effect of his knowledge of music appears to me palpable, I should exceed all reasonable limits; for the fact is, that they every where occur; permit me, however, to add one more:

At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes
And stole upon the air, - - - - -

- - - - - I was all ear
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death.

Did I then advance exaggerated pretensions in favour of Music, when I suggested the possibility of its having *facilitated* the production of Milton's poetry? and may I not venture to flatter myself that I shall at length induce your Correspondent to be of my opinion? If he should be still incredulous, I invite him to refer to the numerous places which, as I have before said, abound in the "immortal verse" of our countryman, and he will then, I am persuaded, be entirely convinced.

It is proper to be observed, in recommendation of a musical education, that without a knowledge of the art no one is able to value properly the fleeting beauties of which it is made up; and I hope I shall not give umbrage to your correspondent Medium, if I take the liberty to state to him candidly the inference I have drawn from the tenor of his observations: that is, that he is not a practical musician. Though I am myself but an indifferent performer, my opportunities during childhood having unfortunately been thrown away upon an instrument which both the state of my health and my own inclination has since prompted me to relinquish, yet even the proficiency I have made upon the Piano Forte is a source of great pleasure, as, with the aid of imagination, it enables me to recel in a vivid manner the impression produced by more perfect performances. I speak from my own experience when I assert that it is in the power of Music to excite very strong emotions; and it is merely because I am convinced that it may, when properly directed, be of great advantage, that I have been induced to advocate the cultivation of it so strenuously. If it is so insignificant and unimpressive as your correspondent Medium seems to imagine, and can serve no higher end than to fill up the hours of listless idlers, it should be rejected altogether, and should no more form part of a system of education than card-playing, or any other modish pastime.

It may not perhaps be considered intrusive, if, before I take my leave, I explain farther why I consider the Piano Forte as so eligible an instrument: it is of course understood that I only speak of it abstractedly, as many circumstances may arise which would render the choice of another more judicious: thus, for instance, when there are many individuals in a family, the

selection would naturally be various. But there are strong reasons why a person really desirous of an acquaintance with music should prefer the Piano Forte to the Harp: very simple and national airs, which for the most part are but the effusions of primitive and uncultivated genius, are sometimes more effective upon the Harp than upon the Piano Forte; but as the dramatic character, which is the excellence of musical composition, is only attained by a great variety of well graduated modulations, so it often happens that works of the highest class, and which can be executed on the Piano Forte by a moderate player, either cannot be performed upon the Harp at all, or must be clipped and inverted, and the effect most likely destroyed, in order to meet the difficulties which an instrument so complicated and encumbered constantly presents. In my former letter I did not remark upon the advantage which a person acquainted with the Piano Forte has in being able to play upon the Organ without much difficulty, since as favourable opportunities for practising the latter instrument are so rare, I chose rather to leave that consideration untouched.

That musical novelties, as well indeed as almost all other novelties, are in London followed with much avidity, is sufficiently obvious; but that this proceeds from any extravagant attachment to the art is not at all clear; and that Music is in general very ill understood may be safely inferred from the applause which is so often lavished upon very indifferent performances: but be this as it may, it is at all events desirable that the national partiality for Music, whether excessive or otherwise, should be accompanied by judgment, and nothing seems to me more likely to conduce to this end than a complete reformation in the choice of Musical Instruments for amateurs. If our countrymen could be induced to discard the minor instruments, and to choose those only which are calculated to give them a correct idea of the merit of musical compositions, our native composers would no longer hesitate to quit the dull beaten track, for fear of wanting admirers, and the insipid trifles which are now so much in vogue, would of course disappear. As a solitary instrument, the Piano Forte is I think decidedly the best; but when favourable opportunities occur in the domestic circle, the Harp, Violin, Violoncello, and Viola, should be studied and combined; and if ever such a system becomes general, I think I may venture to predict that our countrymen will then excel in music in the same manner as they do in every other pursuit to which they earnestly direct their attention; and the ridicule now so justly thrown upon our musical pretensions by all those who really understand the matter, will then no longer attach to us.

The judicious remark with which your correspondent Medium concludes his letter, will not I hope be disregarded by those to whom the education of children is confided: it certainly behoves them rigorously to exclude from the port-folios of their

youthful charge all those songs which are accompanied by words calculated to impair the purity of their tender minds; nor should musical merit, however transcendent, be allowed to operate against a rule which may in the end involve questions of so much greater importance.

I am, Sir,
Your most humble Servant,
AN AMATEUR.

London, 6th July, 1818.

SECRET LETTERS.

(Supposed to be written by Madame Bertrand.)

[Translation.]

LETTER I.

On our Passage to St. Helena.

DEAR CAROLINE, December 1815.

Though, during the last sad days of my residence in France, we had not an opportunity of seeing and conversing with each other, and interchanging our thoughts and sentiments, yet I well know, dear friend of my youth, that I may place the firmest reliance on you, for your name is not to be found in the *Dictionnaire des Girouettes*, which has lately appeared in Paris. We women are universally acknowledged to possess more firmness both in happiness and misfortune than men, and nothing can be more absurd than to describe changeable Fortune as a woman. When once we love and admire, we are inspired by a sentiment totally independent of exterior circumstances; nay, misfortune only chains us the more closely to the object of our affection, and we become heroines; sometimes, indeed, through mere contradiction and caprice, but more frequently from that noble and generous feeling which renders insupportable the thought of being despised by the man we love. We readily acknowledge this weakness; we pride ourselves in the consciousness of meriting the esteem of men of a certain character. This feeling is by no means foreign to men (at least to the better part of the sex) but—if the unfortunate person whom they forsake do not shame them by his presence, they easily banish him from their recollection. This perhaps arises from their imaginations being less lively than ours. They do not see the object so constantly before them; they do not hear him speak and see him think (if I may be allowed the expression;) we, on the contrary, minutely picture to ourselves his situation, transport ourselves into his bosom, and feel his merited reproach, though one half the world should divide us. This involuntary but always useful gift of consoling the unfortunate, serves to strengthen our fidelity.

Such, at least, were my feelings, when I determined to follow Napoleon to St. Helena. I will not deny that the melancholy prospect of the future, and the thought of my helpless children, have occasionally distressed me; but I never for a moment hesitated. The thought—how will Napoleon judge me? gave me fortitude, and I went on board the *Northumberland*, firmly de-

termined never to separate my fate from his. During our three months voyage, this resolution has frequently caused me to shed tears, but I have never yet repented it.

You, I am certain, are actuated by similar sentiments. I know what Napoleon was to you, what he still is and ever will be. On you—on your—masculine mind, I had almost said, pardon the awkward expression—but no, on your truly feminine mind, we rely with the firmest hope. And you mistake if you suppose we quitted France without hope, however desperate might be the aspect of affairs. Thus you may readily imagine, that the hope of returning to France, and again recovering all we have lost, formed the secret topic of our conversation during the whole of the voyage.

But where is the foundation for this remote hope, so hostile to the wishes of the Sovereigns of Europe?—The conviction, that Europe, where so many changes have been operated during the last five and twenty years, will soon undergo another metamorphosis. I know the disposition of my countrymen; the Bourbons will never reign tranquilly in France; and it will be well for us if they only reign until our return. They can never gain the love of the French people, not even with all the virtues attributed to them; for neither their virtues nor their vices are suited to the present age. Besides, it is required that they should obliterate, as by a stroke of magic, all traces of past misfortunes. This may be an unreasonable wish, but necessity forces its utterance, and it is addressed to the Bourbons, because they are the only persons to whom it can be addressed. The number of the dissatisfied will always be considerable—and let the source of discontent be ever so far removed from the throne of the Bourbons, it will always be found convenient to trace it to them alone; for every individual cherishes the hope of being happier under a different government. Think how the return of the Bourbons must have wounded our feelings of national honour, which foreigners term vanity; the mortification of seeing our military glory annihilated, and then the lands and dotations of which we have been deprived—No! the French people will never be attached to the Bourbons, even though Napoleon were not in existence.

But he still exists! and whilst the French people know that, they will ever look up to him with confidence, though, like Prometheus, he were chained to a rock. He alone has succeeded in stealing fire from heaven; but whether stolen or not, is of little consequence, if we be permitted to share it with him. It has frequently been remarked, that none but the military are attached to him. It is certainly true that on many occasions he severely oppressed the people. But he was well acquainted with the temper of that people, who readily suffered themselves to be governed despotically; like the dog which is most faithful to the master who tramples on him. This has been sufficiently proved by recent events. There was, perhaps, scarcely a single family

throughout France, whom Napoleon had not bereaved of children or property, yet seven tenths of the French population joyfully took up arms in his cause, and prayed for his success. Nay, there is not a doubt that we should again be received in France with open arms, were it only for the sake of variety, which you know is the delight of every Frenchman, and by which every one now hopes to better his condition.

As to the rest of the European Powers, it cannot be disputed that their present good understanding is one of those miracles which may happen once in a thousand years. But affairs will take another turn, and perhaps speedily. The breaking out of a war in Germany will be the signal for our return; we may indeed wait several years before the event takes place, but that is not very likely. Napoleon will then afford assistance to the weakest side. The French, who burn with anxiety to avenge the humiliation they have suffered from the Germans, will joyfully enlist under his banners. A vast portion of the people, who now support other sovereigns, both in the North and South, will join him, and victory will once more smile on Napoleon's Eagles.

He is himself convinced that the English, who have established for themselves an Empire in the heart of Germany, are as much detested there as ever he was; indeed he is fully persuaded that his most obstinate enemy, his prison-keeper, is now preparing Europe to receive him favourably. He thinks it more than probable that several of the allied powers are suffering themselves to be drawn away in the same stream of ambition that brought about his ruin. "Helvetius," he once said, "is in the right. Ambition is the hereditary sin of man, and he who once drinks from the goblet, does not sleep away his intoxication calmly. They are now dividing the spoil which they so loudly declared they despised; but not one of them will be satisfied with the distribution. However much any party obtain, he will imagine more was due to him; each will declare that the efforts which he contributed towards obtaining the victory have been undervalued; and though their exhausted state at present raises up the deceitful image of eternal peace, they will all secretly complain, and seize the first opportunity of aggrandizing themselves. The inviting weakness of your frontiers will encourage attempts of this kind. If you put down a thing that is easily carried off, you will always find somebody ready to take it. Did not the Allies solemnly declare that they wanted no conquest? and yet was there ever a war in which greater spoils were committed? It was said to be all for the sake of future security; but ambition is never without an excuse. The powerful will always prove with the point of the bayonet that circumstances have undergone a change."

Another ground on which Napoleon rests his hope of dissension and war among the Allies themselves, is all powerful custom, which a monarch in his sphere is as little

able to resist as a beggar in his. The allied Sovereigns are accustomed only to war, and the way of life connected with it. They have spent whole years in camps, congresses, and conquered cities. Great personal activity and endless change of scene and events have become necessary to their existence. They have so long been in the habit of looking abroad, and surveying Europe in the mass, that they will now find it difficult to cast a glance on the interior of their own States. In the meanwhile, an endless load of business has accumulated at home, and business of that nature, which, after a long participation in great foreign events, must to them appear trifling and tedious. They would engage in it with the same kind of feeling as a minister, who after holding the reins of government for a considerable time, might be sent into retirement to manage the affairs of his own private estate. They will be anxious again to join in the tumult; and for the sake of banishing an insupportable lassitude, will persuade themselves that a fresh war is unavoidable. In that case every Prince will probably find his Louvois, who engaged Louis XIV. in a war, because the King found fault with an ill constructed window in a newly erected building.

Such, in Napoleon's opinion, were the feelings of the Sovereigns during the last campaign, which, though it has proved fatal to him, may hereafter turn out to his advantage.

He, moreover, relies on the discontent of the people of Germany. Constitutions have been promised them, but there is little probability of these promises ever being fulfilled. Napoleon has laid a wager, that within a short period all despotisms will appear under certain constitutional forms. He is candid enough to confess, that though he occasionally entertained thoughts of establishing a limited monarchy (for he regards that form of government to be the best in theory,) yet he always relinquished the idea, whenever he imagined the slightest opposition was made to his wishes. If, says he, we consider our own opinions to be best (and what Sovereign does not?) it is impossible to endure contradiction, especially when we are not accustomed to it. It cannot therefore be expected that in new constitutions the will of the monarch will be limited in any material degree. They will all bear a close affinity to the old ones; the people will be deceived in their expectation, and the sources of dissatisfaction will augment in proportion as the people feel convinced that their zealous exertions have merited a better reward than medals and decrees of praise.

But there is in Napoleon's calculation a still more important circumstance. It is well known that numerous Landwehr have been formed in all parts of Germany, and as these corps have fought with as much bravery as the old troops, they may by degrees obtain an equal rank. Thus every patriotic heart cherishes the hope, that as the Landwehr is chiefly composed of good citizens and men of education, an amalga-

mation of the army and the people will in course of time be brought about, and the fatal partition, which has so long separated the citizen from the soldier, be removed. But, says Napoleon, no such thing will happen. The Landwehr will never raise the soldier to a level with the citizen, but will rather degrade himself to the former odious character of the military. The wish of enjoying power is natural to man, and but few individuals will be found who have sufficient nobleness of mind to reject flattering privileges for the sake of the general welfare. Add to this that the Princes of Europe have shewn greater partiality to the military than the working classes of their subjects; they have been on a footing of close intimacy with the soldier, and are accustomed to his society, and they will continue as hitherto to shew him every mark of favour. A participation in this favour will present more charms to the Landwehr, than a fulfilment of the hopes of the tranquil citizen; and thus the discontent previously excited, will burst forth with double force, especially as the former empty boastings of the military will now be founded on the recollection of the victories they have gained. During the late war, every state has in some measure been reduced to anarchy; endeavours have been made to suppress the freedom of thought by mysticism and arbitrary church forms; but it is impossible to compel a person of mature years again to pursue the course of childhood. For the attainment of a certain object, mankind has been awakened; and it is in vain to attempt to lull them to rest: they cannot, like a sword, be thrust into the sheath again.

Napoleon declares that every judge of human nature must agree with him in these conjectures. He has often remarked, that knowledge of human nature is the art in which he excels all his enemies, and to which his success may chiefly be attributed.

(To be continued.)

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, JULY 4.

Tuesday, Mr. Joseph Loscombe Richards, of Exeter College, was elected Fellow of that Society.

On Tuesday last Mr. Wadham Harbin, B.A. and the Rev. Thomas Shore, M.A. were elected Fellows, and Messrs. Charles Harbin and William Harding were elected Scholars of Wadham College.

Yesterday the following Gentlemen were admitted to Degrees, viz.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. Charles Lloyd, M.A. Student of Christ Church.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. John Templer, of Exeter College, and William Henry Blaauw, Esq. of Christ Church, Grand Compounders.

The number of Regents in the present Act is 160.

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 3.

Sir Wm. Browne's gold medals for the present year are adjudged as follows:—For the Greek Ode, to Mr. H. Hall, of King's; for the Epigrams, to Mr. Thomas William Maltby, of Pembroke Hall.—[No prize adjudged for a Latin Ode.]

The annual prizes of fifteen guineas each, given by the Representatives in Parliament of this University, to two Senior and two Middle Bachelors of Arts, who shall compose the best dissertations in Latin prose, have been this year adjudged as follow:

Senior Bachelor.—John James Blunt, Fellow of St. John's College. [No second prize adjudged.]

Middle Bachelors.—Hugh James Rose, and Charles John Heathcote, of Trinity College.

The Porson University Prize for the best translation of a passage from Shakspeare's play of Henry VIII. into Greek verse, was on Wednesday last adjudged to Mr. Wm. Sydney Walker of Trinity College.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CRYSTALLIZATION OF TIN.

A Correspondent, referring to our account of the Crystallization of Tin, &c. in our last Number, writes, "I must inform you, that the shops at Hamburgh were full some months ago, with articles of every description of *Crystallized Tin*, such as Candelsticks, Tea-boards, Tea-Urns, &c. &c. They were of the manufactory of Mr. Staubwasser, at Brunswick, which has long been celebrated for the superiority of its japanned goods. My friend, from whom I have this information, says, that these things have become so common that, notwithstanding their beauty, the fashionable people begin to despise them."

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

In March 1802, a child of Jonathan White's, Southgate, Chichester, about six months old, had a small double-bladed knife, nearly two inches and a half in length, given it to play with in the cradle. The infant swallowed it, and, as may be supposed, soon became uneasy in its stomach, though otherwise healthy. On the 24th of May, the shortest blade was discharged by the bowels; the back of it very much corroded, its edges being ragged, uneven, and saw-like: the rivet was entirely dissolved. On the 16th June, after more than usual uneasiness, and the rejection of food, the child vomited one side of the horn handle, very much softened, and bent double: a small bit of iron passed a few days after; and on the 24th July, another bit of a wedge-like shape, much corroded and full of holes, and apparently the large blade. The child was now much emaciated, the faeces blackish, and the abdomen inflamed externally. August 11th, the back of the knife, and soon after the other side of the horn handle, were vomited, and

the infant thereafter recovered entirely. This case, fully authenticated, has been published.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANIES.

The numerous quarries and excavations lately made about the metropolis of Scotland, and particularly on the Calton Hill, have afforded many objects of curiosity to the Mineralogist and Geologist. What is most worthy of remark is, that the Calton Hill has disclosed numerous appearances so destructive of the theory of its volcanic formation, and conclusive of its crystallization from a state of aqueous solution, that it may be said to have almost destroyed the Huttonian doctrine in the city of its birth.

Zircon has been found imbedded in granite veins or beds near Fort Augustus, in the North of Scotland.

PERPETUAL MOTION.—A fortnight ago we noticed Mr. Spence of Linlithgow's invention of a perpetual motion. We since learn that he has simplified the apparatus, and now exhibits a horizontal wheel, set full of needles, attracted constantly round by the magnetic power, and which, it is affirmed, will so revolve as long as the axis of the wheel lasts.—*See Literary Gazette, No. 75.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET BY KORNER.

Composed as he lay dangerously wounded in a wood, on the night of the 17th of June 1813.

Wounded, I groan—my quivering lip is pale—
The feeble pulses of my sinking heart
Tell me I enter on Death's gloomy vale.
God, I submit—all merciful thou art!
What golden visions danced before my view,
The lovely dream-songs of life's opening day,
That now must end in the funeral lay!—
Yet what my soul desired, to glory true,
That holy thing shall with me still unite,
Whether I call it Love or Liberty;—
Pursued with youth's full tide of fervency,
A light-wing'd angel now it greets my sight;—
While as my lingering senses hovering fly,
I see the opening dawn of dim eternity!

C. R.—g.

A HOT DAY.

What a plague's a summer-breakfast,
Eat what'er you will!
Cold butter'd bread's a nasty thing,
Hot toast is nastier still!

Then, how to pass the time away
Till dinner, there's the doubt;
You're hot if you stay in the house,
You're hot if you go out.

And after dinner what to do,
Not knowing where to move:
The gentlemen are best below,
The ladies hot above.

And now the kettle comes full trot,
That's not the way to cool one;
Tea makes an empty stomach hot,
But hotter still a full one.

Well, then, an evening walk's the thing—
Not if you're hot before;
For he who sw—ts when he stands still,
Will when he walks s—t more.

So now the supper's come,—and come
To make bad worse, I wot;
For supper, while it heats the cool,
Will never cool the hot.

And bed, which cheers the cold man's heart,
Helps not the hot a pin;
For he who's hot when out of bed,
Heats ten times more when in.

Sheffield Mercury.

LIFE'S EMBLEM-FLOWERS.

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
and there's pansies, that's for thoughts.

* *Ophelia in Hamlet.*

In the days of my youth, how bright, how gay,
How undisturb'd was my life—
How merrily past the hours away,
All free from care and strife.

How tranquil my slumbers, how blest I rose,
Hope sparkling in my gaze,
And the heart which has often bled, still glows
With the memory of those days.

Then the *Heart's-case* of bright and varied hue,
I daily cull'd and wore,
As a *Symbol of Peace*, which then I knew,
But which I shall know no more.

Then there came a Youth with his tale of love—
A youth brave, good, and true—
He found out the secret my heart to move,
For well he knew how to sue.

He gave a *Rose* to my willing hand,
All bright and fresh and fair,
Which I plac'd where the *Heart's-case* held command,
Crying, 'Bloom for ever there.'

Floranthe, he cried, when thou view'st that
flow'r,
Bestow one thought on me;
Oh! I see him still as he look'd that hour,
When my heart was from sorrow free.

I took the *Rose* as the pledge of truth,
'Twas the pledge of future pain;
For the *Heart's-case*, the favourite flow'r of
youth,
Was never cull'd again.

Yes—I took the *Rose* from the hand below'd,
And I plac'd it in my breast;
But at e'en when the flow'r'st I remov'd,
'Twas a wither'd bud I prest.

Ah! faithless flow'r, I exclaim'd in ire,
Will thy bloom no more be seen;
I had rather than mark thee thus expire,
Almost that thou hadst not been.

From a cherish'd hand, and a fair alcove,
I plac'd thee my fond heart nigh;
The gift of Love, and cherish'd by Love,
Thou should'st not have dar'd to die.

And so, cried the youth, thy charms shall fade,
For life is a changing scene;
And when thou shalt view that form decay'd,
Thou may'st wish they had not been.

The moral was sad to the pride of youth,
And the *Rose*, which foretold decay,
And presum'd to dictate this painful truth,
Was scornfully thrown away.

I began to weave the *Myrtle* wreath,
Whose bloom not so swiftly flies,
And which tells not a tale of decay and-death,
By fading before the eyes.

But he left me a prey to foreboding fears,
By the beacon of glory led;
Yet that day was not stain'd with such bitter tears
As those I since have shed.

Then the *Myrtle* wreath was thrown aside,
For he left me to weep in vain;
But he vow'd to return, and make me his bride,
And I dried my tears again.

At parting, a flow'r to his hand I gave,
Which I cull'd from a holy spot—
'Twas the flow'r that blooms o'er the soldier's grave,
And is call'd, "*Forget me not.*"

For Hope still whisper'd a tale of bliss,
I foresaw not the fatal dart
Was destin'd to plunge me in woe's abyss,
And said in the pride of my heart—

The flow'r which into thy hands I gave,
Will be prized as gift of mine,
It hath bloom'd o'er many a soldier's grave,
But shall never bloom o'er thine.

In his absence a *Lawel* crown I wove,
Wherewith to adorn his brow,
But he's gone—he's gone—they have slain my love,
They have laid my hero low.

The *Cypress* in mournful link enchain'd,
Belov'd is the chaplet for thee,
Thou vow'dst to be true while life remain'd;
But thou didst not live long for me.

When I took the *Rose* as the pledge of truth,
I knew not that future pain
Would prevent the *Heart's-ease*, the flow'r of youth,
From e'er being cull'd again. HELEN.
Chelsea, July 1, 1818.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

*. In our Prospectus we professed to look to the "*Sketches of Society and Manners*," as one of the prominent features of the *Literary Gazette*, and have, we trust, by an almost continued series, though of desultory articles, under this title, established our claim to consistency and good faith in this respect. Still, however, we have felt anxious to obtain a more regular and connected illustration of English manners, something that either from the station or talents of the writer might interest more particularly the British public, and merit a degree of celebrity in other countries, as unfolding a faithful delineation of many of our national habits, peculiarities, and eccentricities. Such, we flatter ourselves, will be found the *Essays of THE HERMIT IN LONDON*, to the weekly insertion of which the subjoined is an Introduction.

That they are the production of no ordinary pen, will speedily appear from internal evidence; but leaving it to the world to decide whether the tact for observation they display, and their neatness of characteristic touch, without caricature or exaggeration, entitle them or not to a high

consideration in the class to which they belong, we may so far guarantee their authenticity as original pictures, and thus satisfy our readers that they are actually drawn from real life, by declaring (on the authority of Mr. Colburn, through whom we have received them) that they are written by a person of distinguished rank and title; and if we may venture to pledge our opinion in a prediction grounded on the few essays we have ourselves perused, they will contain a very lively representation of manners, such as can only be seen by persons moving in the highest circles; and as such, be at once curious in literature, and amusing in the description of follies and pursuits which have seldom been submitted to the pencil of a competent artist. Thus much for the *Literary Gazette*: henceforward THE HERMIT IN LONDON must speak for himself.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF FASHIONABLE MANNERS.

NO. I.

INTRODUCTION.

*'Tis manners make the man, their want, the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunello.*

Pope altered.

That a man who has lived many years must have seen a great deal, is a vulgar, but not less true remark. Suppose to yourself, then, gentle Reader, one whose years have rolled imperceptibly by in drawing-rooms, in parties, and in what is called the world, whose looking-glass now begins to make unpleasant reflections, and whose hair reminds him of the utility of such men as Mr. Ross in Bishopsgate Street, and Mr. Bowman in New Bond Street. Such is the author of these pages: too old to be an Exquisite or a Coxcomb, yet neither old enough nor wicked enough to sigh over and to frown upon the past. He can now not only enjoy the pleasures of memory, but sit by calmly and observe the present day without being blinded by tumultuous passions, or soured by age and infirmity.

It may easily be conceived that such a man must have seen and felt all the enjoyments of life. With these his account of the past must necessarily be filled; nor would it be possible for him to vegetate in the seclusion of woods and forests, or to become the solitary of a desert or of a monastic retreat. A time, however, must come, when the fire of youth will decay; though, with such a man, the warmth of friendship succeeds to the flame of love, the glow arising from a love of society, survives the ardent pursuit of pleasure.

Such a man will certainly be the little hero of his tale; but he will neither be difficult nor querulous; and although he be a little prone to telling his own history, yet will he be so attached to fashion and to society, that he will have learned how to listen and how to observe. There will naturally be a little more distance and retirement in his habits, in the very midst of the world, than there was when he was more of an actor than of a looker on; but such a man's retirement is the corner of a well-filled drawing-room, a niche in a reading-room, the back row of an Opera box behind a sexagenaire duchess, unenvied and almost unobserved, or in the deep shades of the shady side of Pall Mall.

From these circumstances the author had acquired the name of the Hermit of Pall Mall; * for, living in that vicinity, and still moving in the circles which he has described in these pages, he is now a guest the more welcome in fashion's haunts, from his no longer being the rival of any one. A celibataire more from chance than from determination, he has no domestic concerns to perplex him, no wife to promote or to impede his welcome in the gay world, no train to carry after him, no addition to his unity in an invitation card, and he is therefore the easier provided for, and the more generally invited than a family man.

Without assuming any peculiar merit, a well-dressed and a well-bred man, whose face has become common at parties *bien composées*, will be asked to one party merely because he was seen at another where the same class of society moves; and thus must the scenes of high life multiply infinitely in the course of years, making up an almost imperceptible experience.

A beautiful young unmarried lady can with safety honour his arm, as the companion and protector of her morning walk, without fear of exciting either ambition or passion in his breast, or of raising jealousy or uneasiness in the bosom of a more favoured swain. The flaunting married woman of quality can take such a man in her carriage to make the round of her morning visits, or to kill time by shopping, without fear of wearing out his patience, or of furnishing chit-chat at some distinguished conversation, where the tongue of scandal might have canvassed the connexion and society of a younger *cicisbeo*. He might also be consulted as to dress with a certainty of relying on the sincerity of

* We have altered it to that of The Hermit in London, as more applicable and comprehensive. —EDITOR

his advice; and he might be allowed to witness a tender glance, a hand pressed, or a significant look given to a youthful beau, without fear of rivalry, or any chance of scandalizing him.

A Donna attempata will sit with him in a *negligée* of morning attire, having no designs upon him. An Exquisite and a Ruffian will unrestrainedly play off their parts before him, considering him as a good-natured gentlemanlike old fellow, or, in other words, a cipher in the busy scene of high life. Lady Jemima's at home, or Mrs. Fashion's fancy Ball must be numerously attended; and precisely such men are the materials for making up the corner figures of the *belle assemblée*. "Hand me to my carriage," will say a disappointed belle to such a man; and to him she will recount the object of her disappointment and disgust, the coldness of a favourite, the flirting of a husband, the neglect with which she expected *not* to meet, the killing superiority of a rival, the giving way of the lace of her corset, the mortifying bursting of the quarters of her satin shoe, her loss of temper or her loss at play, an assignation which calls her away, or vapours arising from the dissipation of the preceding night.

If such a man see and observe not much, it must be his own fault; for, no longer blinded by his passions, nor quitting the world in disgust, he can reason upon the past, correctly weigh the present, and calculate thereby what may occur in time to come; for life is a drama more or less brief, with some more gay, with others more insipid,—all men are actors of some part or other, from the prince on the throne to the little tyrant of his domestic circle,—nor is it given to those actors to see and learn themselves, but only to those who, like the Hermit in London, occupy a seat in the stage box, and are the calm spectators of the piece.

Whilst the fashionable novels (for, alas! nothing is so fashionable as scandal) are hewing away, *à l'Indienne*, on every side, and cutting up not only public but private characters, it is the intention of the following pages to pursue an entirely different plan, namely, to strike at the folly without wounding the individual—to give the very sketch and scene, but to spare the actor in each; so that, upon every occasion, personality will be most sedulously avoided. To blend the useful with the laughable, and to cheat care of as many moments as possible, are the chief and favourite views of the

HERMIT IN LONDON.

BIOGRAPHY.

HUMPHRY REPTON, ESQ.

Was born in the year 1752, in the county of Norfolk, on an estate of the late Mr. Windham, and bred to the humble business of a stocking manufacturer. His sister and daughters kept for many years a hosiers shop at Hare Street. Mr. Repton had, however, the good fortune in his outset in life to attract the notice and obtain the patronage of Mr. Windham, whom he accompanied as his secretary when that gentleman was engaged in the public service in Ireland. On his return from that country, about 30 years ago, he adopted the profession of a landscape gardener, as he expresses in one of his publications, "under the first patronage in the country."

At that time the celebrated Brown had been dead some years. Mr. Repton hesitated not to declare himself his successor, and defended his principles against the attacks made on them by Mr. Price and Mr. Knight. After some years of experience, however, as the writings of these gentlemen began to effect a change in the public taste, Mr. Repton, with great good sense and discrimination, gradually conformed to it, for the best of all possible reasons—because, as the principles upon which landscape gardening ought to be founded, became better known, it was perceived that the object of the artist should be to follow, not to force nature in the various forms under which she is presented to us. With these impressions he published his "Observations on the Changes of Taste in Landscape Gardening and Architecture," in 1806, and has subsequently explained himself more fully in "Fragments of Landscape Gardening and Architecture," 4to. which appeared in 1817.

He was unquestionably an artist of elegant and good taste, but perhaps rather more calculated to follow than to lead, and more attached to the beautiful and the pretty than to the great and the sublime: he was evidently most at home in the gothic architecture, which in temples of ample dimensions excites an elevated feeling; but we cannot applaud the taste for the gothic, when displayed in smaller buildings, unless under peculiar circumstances, such perhaps as insulated cottages covered with thatch, and where no contrast with other buildings is presented to the view.

Mr. Repton has published a variety of different works, and at very different periods of his life. We believe that the first time he appeared as an author was so long ago as 1781, in "The Hundred of North Erpingham, in the History of Norfolk, with Preface," &c. &c. 8vo. "Variety, a Collection of Essays," 12mo. appeared in 1788. "The Bee, or a Critique on the Exhibition of Paintings at Somerset House," 8vo. 1788; "The Bee, a Critique on the Shakspeare Gallery," 8vo. 1789; "Sketches and Hints on Landscape Gardening," 4to. 1794; "A Letter to Uvedale Price, Esq. on the same Subject," 8vo. 1794; "Obser-

vations on Landscape Gardening," 4to. 1803; "Observations on the Changes in Landscape Gardening;" "Odd Whims; being a republication of some Papers in Variety, with a Comedy, and other Poems added," 2 vols. 1804; "On the Introduction of Indian Architecture and Gardening," vol. 1. 1808. Several of these were embellished with plates from the pencil of the author, who also furnished for twenty years the vignettes to the Polite Repository Pocket Book. To these fruits of his taste and industry must be added, not less than three hundred manuscript collections on various subjects, accompanied by drawings to explain the improvements suggested by him at different places, with numerous letters on the art of landscape gardening to different persons.

He died at his cottage near Romford in Essex, where he resided for the last thirty years, in the 66th year of his age. One of his sons is a solicitor, we believe at present residing at Aylsham in Norfolk; and another, who has devoted himself to the study of architecture in the office of Mr. Nash, was lately united in marriage to the daughter of the present Lord Chancellor Eldon.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—In the midst of the benefits which are leading this Theatre to a close on Thursday next, a new farce called *Who can I be*, has been produced, and acted several times. Like all the recent farces at Covent Garden, its main weight is laid upon the shoulders of Mr. Liston, and to do him justice he sustains the load like another Atlas. Indeed he has now reached that auspicious command over the risible muscles of the town, that he may almost, by himself or ass, do what he pleases with the assurance of exciting a laugh. In the present instance he figures as one Timothy Flat, persuaded like the Cobbler of Preston, into the belief that he is a great man (from having his clothes stolen from him while asleep, and those of a Major put upon him in order to enable the latter to escape from pursuit as a murderer) and consequently involved in the difficulties incident to greatness. He is apprehended as the criminal, and his perplexities and terrors are sufficiently humorous to be entertaining. At length he is relieved and degraded by the news that the gentleman supposed to be killed in the duel, is alive: the Major resumes his character, and Mr. Flat loses one of his identities. We are not certain whether this little piece be from the French or not; but we believe it is. Mr. Blanchard and Miss Booth support the only other parts of any consequence, with their accustomed ability. The former always appears to us to be one of the most judicious and correct, and at the same time one of the most natural and amusing comic actors upon the stage. There is no absurdity nor caricature in the means he employs, yet still his colouring is so rich and effective,

that nothing is lost in his representation of any of the numerous characters into which he is cast.

ENGLISH OPERA.—On Tuesday, *The Duenna* was produced at this house, with several of the parts well filled in an original manner. *Clara* introduced Miss Carew to this Theatre, and restored a charming singer to the public. We were among those who felt great surprise at this young lady's being struck off the list of a winter theatre, for she is unquestionably only next to Miss Stephens, and competent to sustain any of the characters even of that accomplished Syren in case of need, while in her own line there is none to supply her place, equally capable of pleasing an audience. Her organ is clear and harmonious, her looks prepossessing, and her acting preferable to that of any musician of similar excellence upon the stage. In *Clara* she acquitted herself to admiration, and received the loud plaudits due to her merit. The managers have, we think, made a very important addition to their strength, in securing one who will become the greater favourite the more she is heard. Mr. Pearman, the Apollo of the English Opera last season, also made his bow for this, in the character of Don Carlos. He seemed to labour under indisposition, and therefore to be unable to display the agreeable qualities of which he is possessed. Mr. Bartley bustled through Don Jerome in his usual noisy style, and Mr. Broadhurst sung sweetly in Don Antonio. Mrs. Grove did her best with the *Duenna*, but it was little more than an effort. The second piece was *La Perouse*, in which Mr. T. P. Cooke made his debut on this stage, and proved himself another great musical acquisition to it. The American Indians were cleverly dovetailed into this drama, and not only '*Long Horns*,' but his companions '*Little Bear*,' '*Black Squirrel*,' '*Beaver*,' &c. acted with becoming vigour and ferocity. Periodical critics are allowed, or rather assume the liberty of pronouncing most dogmatically on all kinds of performances, tragic, comic, farcical, dancing, musical, and scenical; of course we will not abridge our chartered rights by not venturing to decide upon these savage exhibitions, which are, we say it, extremely natural, accurate, and curious.

ROYAL CIRCUS AND SURREY THEATRE.—Pursuing a course of Smollet's novels, Mr. Dibdin has brought out a capital Burlesque entitled *Humphry Clinker*. It is acting with great success, and embodies some of the most prominent incidents of the Novel.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Has become uncommonly strong and attractive. The rich, though rather coarse, comic humour of Oxberry, and the various talents of Mr. Smith from Drury Lane, and Mrs. Kennedy from Covent Garden, added to the agile feats of El Diavolo Antonio, the satisfactory singing of Gibbon, and the whimsical tricks and grimaces of Grimaldi, form altogether

a treat of unusual excellence to the frequenters of the theatre.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

The Elections are nearly over, and few if any returns of popular importance remain to be made. There have been some excesses, some outrages, some of those disgraceful and inhuman proceedings which almost make one ashamed of their species, but which always occur when multitudes of the lower and least informed orders assemble together. Yet were these things ten-fold more disgusting, they would be a cheap purchase of the benefits they procure—of benefits, however impaired by the corruptions of government, or of the people, which involve the true check upon the encroachments of power and the essential liberty of a nation. We do not mean to palliate the follies or atrocities of a mob; but be it always recollected, that with the leaven of a very small proportion of ruffians and radically bad men, the great majority of these crowds are not so responsible for their delusions as those who rule them. They are left in ignorance, and therefore are fit tools for the evil works of the designing;—in youth their minds are uncultivated, in advanced years they are assigned to the uncounteracted perversions of the worthless and revolutionary; and can it be supposed that such beings will act up to the standard of virtue, a standard too frequently deserted by the enlightened and wise? Without a miracle, such a result is not to be looked for from humanity; and not till we see the noble efforts for affording education to all classes universally carried into practice, and the foul poisonings of a licentious press receiving an antidote from the honesty, truth, and intelligence of a vigorous administration, can we ever hope for an order of society more congenial to the dignity of man and the feelings of Christianity.

We have been somewhat amused with the electioneering advertisements and speeches, and the conduct of candidates, successful or defeated. In the former we find every modest individual congratulating his constituents on the *immortal glory* they have obtained by his election, on the triumph of every good and grand principle in his person; of the safety and amendment which he brings to a constitution which has (somehow without him) been very much admired and prized, for at least a century and a half! In the latter it is pleasant to find all parties satisfied; satisfied with themselves if

victorious, and with having secured some great reward for a future day, if overthrown! If chaired, they are proud; if sent into private life, they are consoled! Happy country! Contented people!

By a statement published from the Treasury, it appears that the last quarter's revenue ending 5 July, has improved on a comparison with the corresponding quarter in last year, in no less a sum than 1,120,645*l.*: the whole improvement of the financial year being above three millions, and the last quarter the best. This is wonderfully gratifying: the only branches deficient in this quarter are the assessed taxes 7,830*l.* and the land tax 23,274*l.*: the increase is chiefly on the excise 943,067*l.* and customs 147,531*l.* The post-office and stamps have also increased.

The Princess Adelaide of Meiningen has arrived with her Mother, and her marriage with the Duke of Clarence will take place immediately.

There has been a silly rumour of an ultra-royalist conspiracy imported from Paris, but it does not seem to merit notice. The meeting of the four great allied Powers at Aix-la-Chapelle in autumn has for its object to decide on the withdrawal or retention of the army in France, according to the 5th article of the treaty of Nov. 20th, 1815. An official declaration has been promulgated, excluding inferior states from any voice in this arrangement.

We have this week to record the death of two literary men, viz. Mr. Lewis, the celebrated author of *Tales of Terror*, the Monk, &c. &c. and Sir Thomas Barnard, Bart. D.C.L. the writer of many philanthropic and moral tracts of the highest character.

VARIETIES.

AFRICA.—Another enterprise to explore the termination of the Niger is undertaken, and, as in all former ones, with sanguine hopes of success.

Captain Gray, of the Royal African corps, is entrusted with the immediate charge of the expedition. He is represented as every way qualified for solving this geographical enigma; he has been seven years in Africa, and is well acquainted with the Jalloff language. The route is to be that of the Gambia river, which he had already entered. By letters which have been received from this officer, it appears that his arrangements were nearly completed, and, what what was of much consequence, his people all well, and in high spirits, notwithstanding the failure of former attempts. A transport had been dispatched to the Cape de Verd Islands, to procure horses and mules, the return of which was soon expected, when

Captain Gray would directly commence his journey into the interior. The rainy season had terminated, and the weather was considered as favourable. Mr. Ritchie, late Private Secretary to Sir Charles Stuart, at Paris, and Captain Marryat, of the Royal Navy, are to attempt a journey towards Tombuctoo. The former gentleman is appointed Vice-Consul at Monrzonk, in the interior, the capital of Fezzan, a dependency of Tripoli, whose Governor is son of the Bey of that kingdom. These Gentlemen are also sanguine of success, as the protection of his Highness the Bey is guaranteed to them, and the journey not so perilous from that cause as by other routes, although they have the great Zaharrah to pass, and must be eight days without meeting with water.—*Morning Post*.

ROBERT BRUCE, THE HERO OF BANNOCKBURN.—At a meeting of the Gentlemen of Stirlingshire on the 30th of April last, it was resolved to erect a national monument to the vanquisher of King Edward: the site chosen is the "Bore Stone," where the Bruce's standard was planted at the memorable battle of Bannockburn. Scotland shews a laudable feeling to honour her bards and heroes in this way at the present era. The beautiful mausoleum to Burns at Dumfries is nearly completed. Another tribute of remembrance and admiration is in progress in Ayrshire, the birth-place of the Bard. The Marquis of Lothian has constructed a Waterloo column, where an annual commemoration of that glorious victory is observed. The Earl of Buchan long ago projected a monument to Thomson on a charmingly situated Hill at Ednam, or Edenham, the village where he was born; but the design seems to have been dropped. Surely it would be an easy task to revive it, and the author of the Seasons and Castle of Indolence might enjoy the repose of the illustrious.

Buxtorf's Hebrew Lexicon, chap. 9, page 228, says that Eve's name is derived from a word which signifies to talk; hence it has been said by the Rabbis that there "fell from heaven twelve great baskets full of chit-chat, and that the women picked up nine of them."

The following lines are copied exactly from the manuscript of the author, Samuel Kerry, of Smalley, near Derby, (the man who built the oven):

good peppel all behould & see a oven in a hollor tree
you neve say the Like sins you was barn of a woman
a oven in a hollor tree it is not comon
Com nebers com com here and see if Eyer you say
the Like be fore for one penne I will give you three
Samuell kerry is my name & I built this oven in this Lain—
Sheffield Mercury.

Father Peter, the jesuit, calculated that, in 260 years, four men might be supposed to have 268,719,000,000 of descendants; more than would be necessary to people five or six such worlds as ours.

NEW FASHION.—It is not long since it was a fashion among our fair sex to make their own shoes, but the rage seems to have gone by, notwithstanding the acknowledged quality of the ladies to stick to the last. Instead of cobbling, book-binding has now its votaries. Three lessons make a proficient, and the teacher says it is a most useful, amusing, and elegant employment.

If Montesquieu ever wished to be energetic in his style, the following is one of the passages in which he attempted it; it is in his *Esprit des Loix*, "Quand les sauvages de la Louisiane veulent avoir du fruit, il coupent l'arbre au pie, et cueillent le fruit. Voilà le gouvernement despotique."

In the same country in which the tomb of the Poet of Godfrey, Tancred and Hermione, is marked by these sublime words—"Ossa Torquati Tassi," we read also the following epitaph:

JOANNI MOGIO,
puero incomparabili qui obimperitiam obstetricis ex utero stetim translatus est ad tumulum die Dec. 1632.

Or,
JOHN MOGIO,
an incomparable boy, who by the unskilfulness of the midwife was translated from the womb to the tomb, December, &c.

Owing to an accident which took place last week in Paris, by which one or two persons were killed, those dangerous amusements called 'The Mountains,' have been put a stop to by the interference of the police.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JULY.

Thursday, 2.—Thermometer from 55 to 76.
Barometer from 30, 26 to 30, 29.
Wind NE. and SE. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy.
Friday, 3.—Thermometer from 43 to 76.
Barometer from 30, 30 to 30, 26.
Wind SE. 0.—Clear.
Saturday, 4.—Thermometer from 55 to 73.
Barometer from 30, 24 to 30, 25.
Wind NW. and W. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day clear.
Sunday, 5.—Thermometer from 51 to 74.
Barometer from 30, 24 to 30, 22.
Wind NW. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally cloudy.
Monday, 6.—Thermometer from 48 to 78.
Barometer from 30, 27 to 30, 28.
Wind NbW. EbN. and EbS. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Clear.
Tuesday, 7.—Thermometer from 48 to 76.
Barometer from 30, 22 to 30, 05.
Wind SE. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Clear till the evening, when it became cloudy.
Wednesday, 8.—Thermometer from 47 to 70.
Barometer from 30, 04 to 30, 08.
Wind W. and NW. 1.—Generally cloudy.
Latitude 51. 37. 32. N.
Longitude 3. 51. W.
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank T. U. T. for his preference, but most cordially absolve him from shewing

it in future. He cannot oblige us so much in any way as by bestowing his favours elsewhere.

We receive many poetical contributions of considerable merit, but their beauties are often so local or so applicable to particular persons, that we cannot think them of sufficient consequence for the *Literary Gazette*, however much they may please the parties concerned. Complaints of lovers, for example, are teasing to those who have no interest in the reconciliation and consequent raptures to which they are intended to lead. We would therefore advise Phillis and Damon, and Amarylhis and Cynthius, and Phæbe and Lubin, to manage their Correspondence through the medium of the Post Office, general and twopenny. Visions of happiness, either on the sea-shore or in inland cottages, may, by the same means, be made to contribute a little to the real benefit of the revenue. Political Poetry is very seldom good—witness all that has been published in favour of the Westminster Candidates, the liberty-boys being quite licentious in their versification, and the Court party deficient in force. In short, we have much too long, a good deal too bad, and the majority of applications for insertion inapplicable, to our columns.

We should rejoice were about a score of our "Constant Readers"—less Constant Writers. We have, however, to thank some agreeable Correspondents under this constant signature. One verse from "The Rose of the Village," must suffice as an example of one of these classes:

Like the rays of the Sun on an Autumn-evening
shining,
Her tresses of gold lightly fly on the breeze;
As the foam of the sea on sweet amber reclining,
The lids of her eyes are the rivals of these.
Ah, of all the fair lasses the pride of the village,
O is there one fairer more pleasing than she?
May the wretch who would dare her young
beauties to pillage,
Accurst in this world, and hereafter damn'd be!

H. will receive our apology for not inserting the Essay, however meritorious. In such a publication as the *Literary Gazette*, we can spare but little room for Speculative subjects; and while we are often compelled to postpone, until too late for use, many pieces of Practical importance, and of that lighter literature so essential to rendering a periodical work popular, it is out of our power to devote our page to papers of this class.

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